52 Tavistock Sqre.

24th Nov. 1936

My Violet,

Yes, of course — what are the letters? It sounds most exciting. We send them — anyhow: & we will read them with eagerness. Letters. Memoirs are my delight — how much better than novels!

I saw Lord Bob the other day, but not Nelly — & he drew for me sweet Shaw with him. But he a Charming man — & now so mellow — Cubicund. And I often think of Jon — Beatrice — & wish I could send my love to her through the air so as not to embarrass her. She too — what a nice woman — but I must run on.

Looking forward to this letter

Yours

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

2nd Dec 26

My Violet,

This is just a note to acknowledge the great parcel which I found in the hall yesterday. I was in the devil's own rush, had only time to skip upstairs, tore off the Realock — has the bird brought back memoirs — or three, Evelyn's letters of some 18th Century Eden, found my own! Oh dear, Oh dear! I've only had time for one skip — no reflections,

but hope for a great country week
And I work with them.
Only I ask you, why send back the
one thing I ever gave you? The Peacock?—
Or for the Fellow. how could you have the
patience to bind & keep all those
childish scribbles? Is the nice,
that flyaway girl? I can hardly
bring myself to look; but with you.
Wear dear, what can
Give you in return?
But I'm so weighed down with
various bothers - Fellow. MSS &c &c - to regret
that I'll wait. Then I only to
say that the parcel came safe
& thanks; as usual. Yr:

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52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Dec. 6th 1936.

My Violet,

I was extremely glad of you to keep [illegible] up so much better than they deserved all those scattered fragments of my very dissected & egotistic youth. Are you like that girl? I'm not sure that I do, though I think she had some spirit in her & certainly may rather ground down harshly by fate. I'm glad Angelica hasn't to go through all her Aunt did by her at. at points I became filled with such a Gust from [illegible] her tragic past, I couldn't read on. Letters seem more than anything to keep the past — out it comes, when one opens the box. And so much I'd forgotten. as I beg of you is

Dont let anybody read those letters. Thanks
Ever write my own memoirs there are some
scenes & a few sentences I should like to quote:
but I dont suppose a memoir-writing fit will
fall on me. As John Bailey must have said, letters
aren't written nowadays: Compare these with
the 18th Century: what jerks & spasms they
come in: But one thing emerges whole &
lucid — how very good Jane were to me, —
how very trying I was — ah agog, all
a quiver; & so full of storms & rhapsodies.
Shah I let the Res to do them up soundly &
Lend them to Burnham Wood? Oh dear
me, the Silver Peacock perches on my book case,
& makes me think I have no right to it.
Was it a present from George? — & now
George is underground. But I'm glad you've
on top; & still holding in your kind yet
searching eye the memory of Hyde Park Gate &
its family. Well, thank you for everything —
Old Drawing. if I were to write out all I mean by that, I
should need many many pages. VSP.